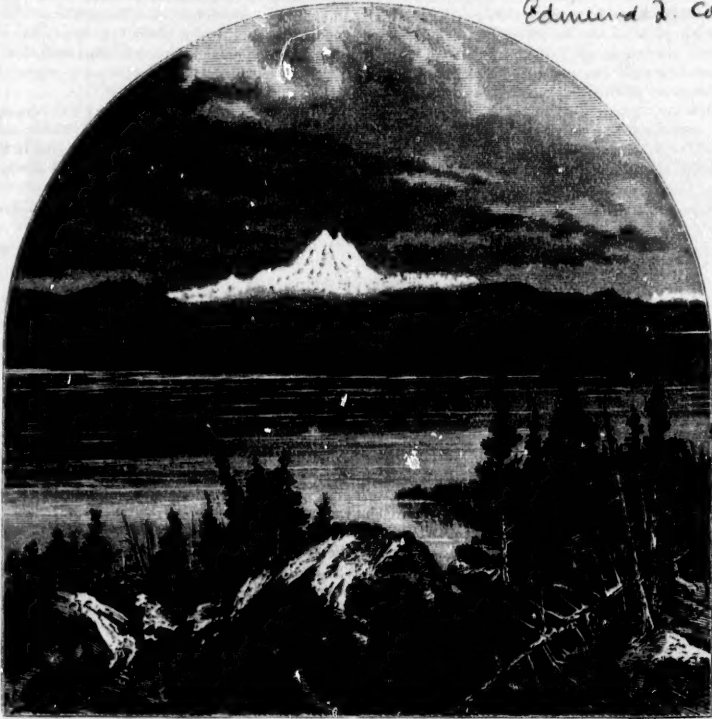




## MOUNTAINEERING ON THE PACIFIC.

*Edmund T. Coleman*

MOUNT BAKER, FROM CEDAR HILL, NEAR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN these times of volcanic activity, when from all quarters we have accounts of the heaving and rending of the earth's surface, and the whole Pacific slope is agitated with the throes of earthquake, some account of the first ascent of Mount Baker, which has been active within the memory of man, may not be uninteresting. At a time, too, when the Alpine Club finds its occupation gone, the opening out of a new field for exploration deserves attention. For though Mounts Shasta and Hood have been several times ascended, they do not present the peculiar difficulties encountered in scaling the great peaks of Switzerland. Both of these are easy of approach, and almost devoid of glaciers.

Mount Baker is the most northerly of those great cones which dot the Cascade range, and is only fourteen miles south of the great boundary line cut through the forests which divide the American and English possessions. It forms the most striking feature in the attractive scenery around the Fuca Straits and the Puget

Sound. Amidst numerous groups of islands (the Western Cyclades) and pine-clad heights, like another "Snowy Olympus," it towers above, the silent sentinel of a solitary land.

The author, having satisfied himself with Mont Blanc and the surrounding scenery,\* determined to leave the beaten paths of the European ice-fields for the unexplored heights of the West. He took residence in Victoria, Vancouver Island, with this object in view. Although it is eighty miles distant, a very fine view of the mountain is here presented; and the recollection of peaks and passes overcome in the Alps stimulated him to the ascent. This account is, therefore, the result of observations made in two previous attempts and the final success.

The mountain may be approached on the southeastern side by the Skadgett River, tak-

\* "Scenes from the Snowfields," by Edmund T. Coleman. Longman and Co., London, 1868.

ing Utsalady, on Puget Sound, as the starting-point; on the western side by the river Lummi, which flows into Bellingham Bay, taking Seahome as the starting-point; and on the northern side by a trail from Fraser River, taking Fort Hope as the starting-point. The first approach was chosen for the initial attempt, which was made in company with Charles B. Darwin, Judge of the District Court of the United States, and Dr. Robert Brown, of Edinburgh. We then arrived at a point about fifty miles up the Skadgett, when, owing to the opposition offered by an unfriendly tribe of Indians, the journey was abandoned. For the next attempt the second approach, by the Lummi River, was selected, at the suggestion of the Hon. Edward Elbridge, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory. On this occasion Messrs. Tennent and Bennett, enterprising settlers in the district, joined in, and we reached a point near the summit; but were compelled to return by reason of an overhanging cornice of ice which barred the way, and the fact that we had neither sufficient time nor provisions to make another attempt. In the following year the utmost exertions were unable to get up a party; but next year the author was encouraged to proceed by the willingness of Mr. Thomas Stratton, Inspector of Customs at Port Townsend, Mr. Tennent, and Mr. David Ogilvy, of Victoria, to accompany him, when the approach by the Lummi was again chosen. General McKenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, kindly placed four trustworthy Indians at my command. These were selected by Mr. C. E. Finkboner, who has charge of the Lummi Reservation. To the official sanction thus given, and the fitness of our dusky companions for their duties, were we indebted for our security in ascending the river. We can not forget the expertness displayed in many difficulties by Squock and Talum. Squock is son-in-law of Umpthlur, the principal chief of the Nootsak Indians. Though a Flat-head, Squock is very handsome, and, with his swarthy face and long thin limbs, resembles an Arab.

Sure of such good company, I determined to start from Victoria on 4th August, 1868. On the occasion of the second attempt I took the steamer which runs between Victoria and Port Townsend, forty miles distant, and went thence to Bellingham Bay, sixty miles more. But as this was traveling the two sides of the triangle, I now made the journey direct by canoe. This route leads by the island of San Juan, the famous bone of contention between England and America, each end of which is held by a garrison representing these countries. I had engaged some Indians to come from Bellingham Bay for me, but discovered that they had traveled by the ship channel farther to the south, in their dread of the northern Indians, with whom the Lummi have an old feud. Indeed, these Northerners, and particularly the Hydahs, are the pirates of these parts. Of late they have boldly attempted higher game, and have

attacked schooners and trading-vessels. In one instance the *Groucher*, of Port Townsend, was entirely destroyed by their ravages in search of "possiesee" and "skookum chuck"—blankets and whisky—which form their ideal of the chief good. In another the sloop *Thornton* was set upon by three canoes, and the master and crew were only saved through the good services of a Henry rifle. The *Black Diamond* also came in for a share of their black deeds; and others have been frightened, if not hurt.

Apart from such casualties, traveling is very enjoyable in these inland waters. The bottom of the canoe is spread with small branches and twigs, and then covered with matting of native manufacture. One's blankets are placed against the thwarts and form a soft cushion, against which he can recline and be as comfortable as in a first-class railway carriage. When camping on shore at night the mats are spread out on the beach, and with one's blankets make a soft bed. Gliding along in our canoe, away from the noise and bustle of the busy world, the spirit revels amidst the beautiful scenery of the archipelago. Island after island is passed, all wooded to the water's edge with the cedar, the fir, and the tender green of the arbutus. The mossy banks are here covered with bushes, and there relieved with bold groupings of rocks in picturesque forms. As we look down through the clear and limpid waters, the silvery fish are discerned sporting themselves among the most beautiful forms of sea-weed and shell; while away in the distance, bounding the horizon, are the snow-capped mountain ranges of British Columbia and Washington Territory. All these combine to form a succession of charming pictures, and tempt one to exclaim with the poet—

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister."

In passing along we noticed the camp of the English garrison on San Juan Island, and were struck with the singular beauty of the scenery around it. In the foreground is the level green-sward with a noble tree rising from its centre, and fringed with spreading maples. Up through these there are winding walks to the officers' quarters, and beyond, a lofty hill, on which a summer-house has been erected, where the surrounding shores are seen to advantage. Between this and the American camp, seven miles off, lie farms in a high state of cultivation, the proprietors of which declare it to be the "best land they have struck," since there are no rents, no sheriff's officers, no taxes, and no prisons.

Having passed San Juan, and steering through a narrow passage near to Orcas Island, we observed a long pole with a cross-piece to it at the top. It is the native arrangement for catching wild-fowl. A net is spread on the cross-poles, fires are lighted at night, the wild-fowl seeking at this time their food, and not seeing the net, fly against it with such



SEAHOME.

force that they drop down, and are seized by the Indians before they have time to recover themselves. Vancouver gives a plate of similar poles in his work, and was unable to discover the use of them.

Another interesting method of securing game is practiced by the settlers. They go at night with torches and armed with shot-guns to hunt the deer. These animals then come down to the shore to lick the salt off the stones, and are so thoroughly spell-bound by the lights that they easily fall victims to the hunters. I also observed that our Indians had each a pole armed with prongs, lying by their side while they paddled, with which they occasionally transfixed the fish as it darted along. When skirting Orcas Island a curious instance of superstition was manifested. I noticed a shining marine plant floating in the water; endeavoring to seize it, but missing; my grasp, I motioned to the Indians to catch it. They firmly refused, alleging that if they touched it warts would spring out upon their hands. I could not but respect such a particular care of the person, especially on the part of Davy, surnamed Crockett, who to his tribe is king, priest, and judge. He is the theocratic head of the Lummi, and very exemplary he is in the performance of his multifarious duties—ringing a bell, calling his flock twice a day to prayers, and continually enforcing upon them the inferiority of all other tribes, and the great privileges they enjoy from condescending to be born under his own administration—the peculiar year of grace.

Before leaving these islands we can not but refer to the peculiar features of civilization

manifested within them. So plentiful is game that an hour's hunting suffices to catch a deer weighing from 75 to 150 pounds. Their skins are sufficient to keep the settlers in tobacco and flour until they have cleared the ground for potatoes and grain. Thus the necessities of life are easily gained; in fact, no man need starve in Washington Territory. Many of these settlers live with Indian women, and find a charm in this free and independent life which reconciles them to the discomforts of roughing it in a new country. These attachments generally last for life, and the question is surrounded with peculiar difficulties. The alliance secures immunity from the savage tribes around; the position is one which the more tenderly nurtured maidens would not accept, but I have often had occasion to ask whether the term squalid might not appropriately be spelled "squaw-led."

We now enter Bellingham Bay, thus named by Vancouver. The bay proper is a noble sheet of water, and is an irregular circle of about six or seven miles in diameter. It is the finest natural harbor of the Puget Sound district, and there the fleets of the world might ride in safety and manœuvre with ease. If the Northern Pacific Railway should be constructed through any of the passes in the Cascade range, this bay would be the best terminus. Already two towns have been located upon its shore—Seahome and Whatcom. Seahome is the outpost of American civilization, being the most northerly town in Washington Territory. Coal was discovered in its neighborhood by Captain Pattle in 1852, having been employed

by the Hudson Bay Company to get out spars and lumber. While thus engaged he saw coal-seams at Unionville, two miles off. A company attempted to work the seam, but without success. More recently another company was formed to work a seam disclosed by the uprooting of a tree during a storm at Seahome. The seams run north and south, and are inexhaustible. Indeed, they underlie the bay, and stretch away to the Fraser River and the hills beyond. The vein is a solid one of fifteen feet, with two clay divisions, and lies in the sandstone formation—the predominant one in this section of the country. Miners say that it is one of the most regular seams in existence. The yield is above 12,000 tons a month, and it finds a ready market in San Francisco. A. Hayward, Esq., the enterprising capitalist of San Francisco, is the principal shareholder; and the system of working reflects great credit on R. E. Meyer, Esq., the courteous and energetic Superintendent. A tram-way has been made which extends about three-fourths of a mile, and is, as the Superintendent humorously observed, the first link of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In making the excavations for this I observed the finest instances of fluting and grooving, evidences of glacial action, that I have seen on this coast; they were 90 feet in length, running north and south, according to the theory of Professor Agassiz. Altogether, when completed, these will be the most substantial works on this coast, and unsurpassed in permanence and strength. They reflect great credit on Mr. Meyer, as well as on the spirit displayed by the Company. I was provided with an introduction to Mr. Meyer, and those who are equally fortunate will not readily forget this home in the wilderness, nor the skill of "Jim," the Chinese cook. Jim gabbles away in a lingo which is one-tenth English and nine-tenths Chinese and Chinook, and grins with delight if you only nod your head occasionally and say, *Cumtuz*—"I understand."

About a mile from Seahome is Whatcom, famous for the expectations formerly entertained of its speedy greatness. Its history is a striking instance of the readiness with which cities rise and fall in a mining country. During the excitement in 1858, when gold was discovered on Fraser River, it was expected that it would become the great *dépôt* and forwarding place for supplies to the mines. A town was rapidly laid out, two piers were commenced, intended to be one mile long. For about three months there were 10,000 people camped around, and it was quite a common occurrence for half a dozen ocean steamers, and over a dozen square-rigged vessels, to arrive from San Francisco. Surveyors might be seen with theodolites and tapes in hand, up to their waists in water, marking off the lots of the future city, and capitalists eager to exchange their bags of gold for the sites laid down. Among others the California Navigation Company offered \$5000 for a plot to build

a wharf on, but finding that they were unable to come to terms with the land-owners, took their money to Victoria and invested it there. About the same time Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, gave an order that no miner should work on Fraser River without a license, which could be only taken out in Victoria. This, in conjunction with the high rates charged for the sites, occasioned the downfall of Whatcom. The lumber trade around is reviving, and if the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad be located here, the winter of its discontent may soon become glorious summer, and Whatcom, now deserted and forlorn, arise like a phoenix from its ashes. And certainly it has many advantages, the bay abounds with dogfish, the oil of which can be sold to the mills around for 50 cents a gallon; the country contains more good farming land than any other west of the Cascade range; there are numerous streams, in one of which I know that mountain trout, weighing from two to three pounds, can be caught as fast as the fly can be thrown; the climate is mild and salubrious, having the sea-breezes and westerly winds from the Gulf of Georgia by day, and at night gentle land airs from the snow-capped mountains which refrigerate and purify the atmosphere. The winters are not severe, and sickness is almost unknown. The creek on which the mill is situated has a character of its own, tumbling over huge boulders in a succession of leaps, and overhung by bushes and by ferns, strongly reminding one of a Welsh mountain stream. Indeed, the scenery around has many and varied elements of the beautiful. When standing here at early morn, looking out upon the tranquil scene, in the distance the Olympian Mountains bathed in mist, and nearer the grand outline of Orcas Island looming up like some great fortification, imagination pictures the future, not perhaps far-distant, when these silent shores shall be lined with wharves and resonant with the throng of busy multitudes.

Before leaving Whatcom we must not omit to notice a block-house, or old fort, which may be seen on the brow of the hill. It was erected for purposes of defense during the Indian war of 1856. At that time great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the place, as it was exposed to the attacks of the Indians. All the able-bodied men, being entered as volunteers, were organized into companies, and sent up Snohomish River; but a detachment of fourteen was reserved to guard the settlement, with Mr. Eldridge as lieutenant in charge. About one mile distant is the residence of the Hon. Mr. Roeder, member of the Legislature.

We made direct for Squalicum, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Eldridge already mentioned, who has always taken a warm interest in the Mount Baker exploration, and whose house, remembering former hospitalities, we had appointed the rendezvous for the present start. We found that Stratton had anticipated Ogilvy



and myself, and that Mr. Eldridge had assembled a party to witness our departure. Like the hero of *Excelsior*, fain would we have lingered; but duty urged us on. When the maidens fair bade "good-by," I asked them to pray for us; but one, more lively than the others, observed that we should be so much nearer heaven we ought to pray for them. Starting in company with our dusky friends, under the command of "Squock," and our canoe loaded with a month's provisions, it appeared that the fates had combined to render our journey interesting, for the spectacle that burst upon our view that night was grand in the extreme. For miles around the forests were on fire. No illuminations ever kindled for crowning of king or news of victory could be more brilliant. From numberless pines the coruscations darted up to heaven, their refulgence reflected in the gleaming waters.

In making our way to the Reservation we observed an old fort, which was garrisoned after the Indian war in 1855, but forsaken when the difficulty occurred relative to San Juan in 1859, the troops being ordered thither. The Reservation is at the mouth of the Lummi, around which a delta is gradually being formed. Washington Territory is parceled out into five reservations, at each of which there must be a resident agent, a schoolmaster, a doctor, a blacksmith, and a farmer. In consideration of the Indians giving up their land the Government provides these reservations for their use, besides paying them for their land. These payments cover a period of twenty years, being greater at first, when they are more helpless, regularly diminishing, and ceasing in the twentieth year, when they are supposed to be able to provide for themselves. Very wisely they do not give them the money, but lay out the amount stipulated in agricultural implements, blankets, dresses, medicines, etc. This Reservation is a branch of one at Tulalip, below Seattle, on Puget Sound, to which 5000 Indians belong. Owing to its distance from Tulalip—about sixty miles—this branch was formed here, with a farmer in charge, as being more convenient for the Lummis, who are a hunting and fishing tribe, and taking into consideration their attachment to the place of their birth, which often prevents those living at a distance from availing themselves of the advantages offered them. The land reserved for them is about eight miles long and from two to four wide, and contains from 15,000 to 20,000 acres, most of which is fertile and valuable for lumber and agricultural purposes. It is, in fact, one of the best reservations in the Territory, and sufficiently isolated to prevent the encroachments of white settlers. The Indian town is in the form of a triangle, built around a large wooden crucifix and flag-staff, with an ensign bearing temperance mottoes, and contains forty-eight good, substantial board dwellings, as well as a church, and a number of the old Indian "rancheries" for smoking and cur-

ing salmon. The Indians here are very orderly, and have improved in mechanical skill. This is very much owing to the good influence of Mr. C. E. Finkboner, for many years the farmer in charge of the Reservation, and the Catholic priests who occasionally visit them. Indeed, the Indians conduct morning and evening service in a commendable manner, old Davy Crockett being their leader.

They have already abandoned their ancient barbarous habits, and have adopted those of civilization, temperance, and religion. They have also given up the practice of polygamy, flattening heads, holding slaves, and gambling, as well as their belief in "Tomannos," or medicine men. Mr. Finkboner, who is with them and for them, believes that in time they will become civilized like white men, if looked after. The priests make an annual visitation for the purpose of confirming, exhorting, and otherwise keeping them in the straight path. On these occasions Mr. Finkboner sends up and down the river for the Indians, and they pour in from all quarters. Two years ago, on leaving Mr. Eldridge's for Victoria, I could not get Indians to take me, as Bishop Blanchet, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territories, with Father Baudre, of the Tulalip Reservation, was making a visitation; and the Indians would not do any work until the Bishop had left. Indeed, Father Baudre had scarcely time to eat his meals, so anxious were the poor creatures to confess to him. The following exemplifies the religious teaching of the priests: Mr. Stratton was one day walking along the shore of Lummi Island, and met an Indian woman quite alone. There were steep banks, so that she could not turn back or get away into the woods. She showed some signs of alarm, and as Stratton drew near pulled out a crucifix, and held it up as he passed. It was evident she had been taught that this was a symbol the white man would respect, and that the possessor of it should come to no harm. I observed that the Indians detached for our expeditions regularly retired every night, and kneeling in a row, said their prayers. I could not but contrast their condition favorably with the poor of my own and other densely populated countries. The loveliness of the scenery around, the comfort and ease with which they gain a subsistence, the gentleness and dignity of their manner, nurtured amidst the freedom of their native haunts, all combine to remind one of that pastoral life of the olden time which painters have delighted to illustrate and poets to sing.

Our journey was henceforth up the Lummi into the bosom of the forest. Its banks are adorned with several species of willow, alder, the crab-apple, grasses, English clover, the daisy, the cockspur thorn, the sweet-brier, the wild rose, and the beautiful festoons of the wild pea. There is plenty of open lands, and half a mile up we observed the telegraph wires crossing the river—a silent prophecy of their



MAKING A PORTAGE.

speedy settlement. Five miles on our way was blocked up by a "drift," and a portage had to be made. This consists in carrying the canoe and provisions along the bank. For this we were prepared, having shortly before exchanged our "Chinook," or salt-water canoe, for two small shovel-nosed canoes. Leaving our Indians to manage this, we struck off on a trail to visit the "ranch" of Mr. John Tennent, half a mile distant. He consented to join us, and was constituted our geographer and interpreter in chief. Scarcely had we rejoined our Indians when they hailed a couple of passing canoes, and had a "wah-wah," or friendly chat, which they commenced by shaking hands all round in a grave, business-like manner. Our canoe was propelled against the stream at times by paddles, and at times by poles, and made about three miles an hour. This was slow progress, but we did not regret it, as the scenery became surpassingly beautiful. There were long rows of lofty cotton-wood trees, which at first sight reminded one of the English elm. The cotton-wood is sometimes called the balsam poplar. In spring when the buds are breaking the air is filled with the scent of it. Then there would be successive rows of pines in serried ranks, mingled with the cedar and broad-leaved maple, and relieved with the gorgeous crimson and Indian yellow tints of the vine-maple and the hazel. The scene would then change; there would be next long reaches of alder and willow, indicating good bottom-lands. Now and then the stately ranks of pines would be broken by

some tall fir gracefully leaning forward with its arms, and sweeping the stream like some disheveled beauty. Conspicuous among the arborage is the Menzies spruce (*Abies Menzii*), so called from its discoverer, Dr. Menzies, the surgeon of Vancouver's expedition. Its feathery foliage hangs down in delicate clusters like lace upon a lady's jeweled arm. Coleridge said the birch was the "Lady of the Woods;" and we would certainly rank the Menzies spruce as the "Queen of the Forest."

We found in Germany that the peasantry around the Harz Mountain lived in perpetual dread of the "Brocken," or demon of the forest. Of his mighty acts they told many wonderful tales, although it is now well known that his demonship is simply the reflection of the ascending traveler in weird-like shape. At a sharp bend of the river we came upon the scene of a similar legend. The Indians formerly believed that here dwelt a terrible spirit that sucked down their canoes, and bore them away to the Gulf of Georgia. Near this we made our first encampment, and discovered sundry defects in our culinary arrangements. For a company of twelve we had only one plate and one spoon. Here, however, in the presence of savage scenes and savage life, we easily laid aside our secondary habits, and fell back upon first principles. We may as well give the bill of fare adopted for the journey:

*Breakfast.*—Tea, bread, bacon.

*Dinner.*—Bread, bacon, tea.

*Supper.*—Bacon, tea, bread.

The cheerful supper ended, we found grateful rest on the bosom of mother earth, and shelter under the canopy of heaven. Next morning we struck camp at five, and reached the "ranch" of Colonel Patterson about seven. Here, on my first attempt, we had a "wah-wah" with his Indian Jim, who had been in pursuit of elk to the foot of Mount Baker. To explain the different routes he drew the forks of the river with his finger on the sand, and made a pile for the mountain, on which he placed two stones for the peaks, which we afterward named as "Lincoln" and "Colfax." I copied this in a sketch, but he could make nothing of it, saying "he could not understand such Boston ways." In these parts an American is termed a Boston man, while an Englishman is a King George man. I afterward found that Squoek had so far improved by association that he was able to draw a pencil-sketch of the route. After leaving Colonel Patterson's we made another portage. These portages are the heaviest part of the journey up river. On these occasions every one is expected to give a helping hand. Putting their dignity in their pockets, one will shoulder his pack, another a sack of flour or a frying-pan, another the inevitable bacon, and all troop off to some spot on the river above the drift. Leaving there the several "iktas," they return for the canoes, which are dragged across on rollers. To these all are harnessed, and pull away like animals.

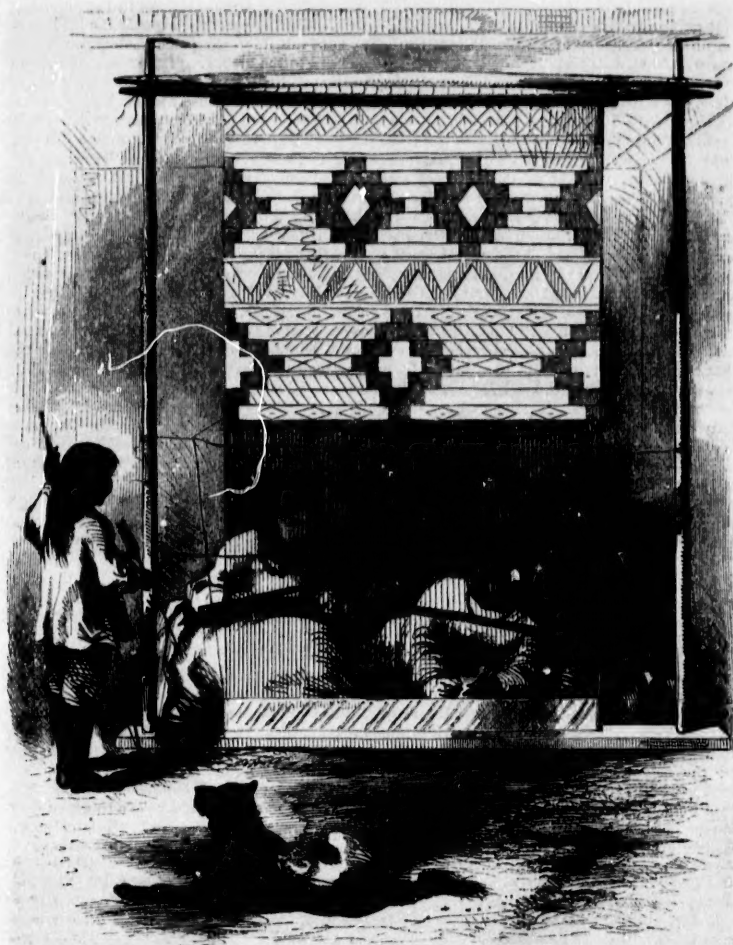
On one occasion, when making my way to the Bernese Alps, I supped in London and breakfasted in Paris; but this day must be regarded as signally notable, for we breakfasted with a colonel of the American army, and supped at a Nootsak rancherie. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing civilization in its earliest stages, for there were represented the arts of ship-building, weaving, and wicker-work, by some men fashioning canoes, two women making a blanket with hair of mountain sheep from the east side of Mount Baker, and the youths constructing salmon-

traps from the willow for use in the adjoining weir. Having spent the night in the neighborhood of this interesting manufactory, we spread our sail to the breeze, or rather bent our backs to the paddles, and very soon entered a district which, though still densely wooded, yet presented rock cropping out from the banks. At first the high hills were perceived to close in upon the river, and as we advanced to lie behind us. Farther on we reached an island. The right bank of the river was blocked up, so we chose the left. The channel of this river, at many spots, changes five times its width in the course of a single winter. Here, for instance, I observed the stakes of an old salmon weir more than sixty feet inland, which had been used in a former season. Shortly after this we were cheered by our first view of Mount Baker, at a point where the river divides into two forks. This seemed a favorable opportunity for calling a halt—all the more so as here was established the mansion of Umptalum, the chief of the Nootsaks. Like many mightier kings he possesses a winter and summer residence. The permanent encampment is a little below the forks, while the Nootsak Versailles is on an island, where his majesty may enjoy immunity from the mosquito race. These Nootsaks are a distinct tribe from the Lummis, and differ considerably in language, manners, and modes of life. They occupy the territory from the base of Mount Baker down to within five miles of the mouth of the Lummi. Like all inland tribes they subsist principally by the chase, whereas the Lummis depend on fish and clams. Father Chirouse, who is so well known in connection with the Indian mission at Tulalip, and Mr. Finkboner, suppose that they originally came as a hunting party from the Chillum country to San Juan and Shaw's Island, and thence they fought their way up to their present location, and that the original inhabitants of the Lummi district are extinct. They have a tradition that they are all descended from one original pair. Umptalum is a venerable-looking man, and



MAKING A CANOE.





WEAVING A BLANKET.

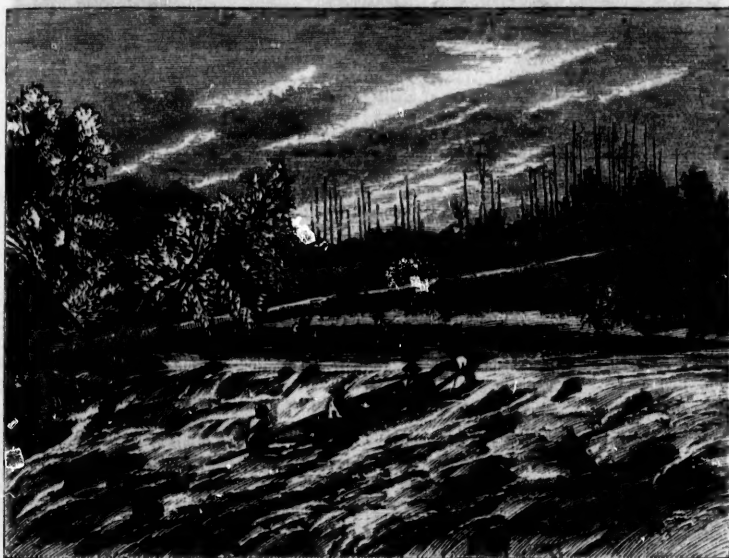
though somewhat short in stature, looks every inch a chief. He is benign and intelligent in aspect. His snow-white hair was parted in the middle and combed down behind his ears. He wore a tuft on his chin, and his complexion was tanned by long exposure to the sun. Having paid our respects to him we took into consideration our final approach to the mountain. We had here to choose between the three forks of the river. The north fork is a whitish stream, showing that it is glacier-fed. By this we could have gone forty miles further; but owing to the numerous rapids in its upper part and the difficult nature of the country beyond, as discovered

on my first journey, it was rejected. The south fork, which emerges from a sequestered leafy nook, looked very tempting. Its waters are gentle and limpid until they mingle with the turbulent main stream, and were suggestive of the peaceful current of youth before entering upon the toils and trials of manhood. It promised grateful repose after the difficulties of our previous journey. It seemed as if upon its easy surface we would have a breathing space before plunging into the desolate scenery around the base of the mountain. The south fork, however, would have led us out of the way; besides, Squock and Talum recommended the



UMPTALUM'S PALACE.

middle fork, alleging that a day's journey would bring us to the head of navigation, and that in the three days' land travel between that and the snow line we would find occasional elk trails, and reach a point where the ascent was more easy. This was the route



ASCENDING THE RAPIDS.



THE CACHE.

chosen. Here we leave the outskirts of civilization; our path henceforward will be through a howling wilderness tenanted by wild animals, through dense and trackless forests where the light of the sun never enters, across maddening torrents and precipitous rapids, and along overhanging precipices. We have to deal with nature in her sternest aspects—torn and convulsed, at war with herself—bearing on her face the scars of countless ages of desolating power, of the flood of the avalanche, and of the burning tempest. Starting next morning at ten our company was unexpectedly strengthened by one of Umptlalum's hunters. The toilsome fifteen miles beyond made us not sorry to quit the river. We had first three heavy portages, and afterward twenty-seven riffles or rapids. Many hitches occurred, where the Indians got out and lifted the canoes from the rocks on which they grounded. Our difficulties may be conceived when it is remembered that the river rises 285 feet for the fifteen miles. Here we prepared for our land travel. Having taken out provisions for ten days, we stowed the canoes and their contents in a "cache." Cutting down some young alders we fastened them

across the trees to form a frame-work. On this the provisions and other "iktas" were laid and covered with matting, while the canoes were thrust underneath. Care must be taken that the frame-work is fastened upon young trees that will not sustain the weight of a bear. Having made our packs as light as possible, we plunged into the forest along the bank of the river in order to reach a ford some twelve miles up. With difficulty we made about a mile an hour, over fallen trees, under old logs, down steep ravines, over high rough rocks, and through close-set jungle. After reeling under our packs, knocking our feet against stones, and twisting our limbs among opposing obstacles, we came at last to a spot on the bank which we named "Camp Fatigue." Stratton gloriously signalized himself during this difficult march. From the elasticity of his spirits we all derived life and strength. His motto seemed to be, "Jog on, jog on! and merrily beat the stile—a! Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile—a!"

Around the camp-fire he would give us many a yarn of mining life in California, which ever provoked anecdotes from Tennent. We need-

ed these cheering influences, for we had no preparatory training, and our life in the canoe up the river ill-qualified us for the hard journey through the bush with heavy packs on our backs. Future travelers will find "Camp Fatigue" where two gigantic pines spring up from one root, and a tributary joins the middle fork, which, being pure and limpid, was named by us "Clear Water." On the morning of the 12th August we bade farewell to "Camp Fatigue," and kept along the bank of the river, the path being but a slight improvement on that of the previous day. Mr. Tennent called our attention to a fern having a fibrous root, the young sprouts of which, if bruised, are good for wounds. We also observed a skunk-cabbage, a species of the tobacco plant, whortleberries, red elderberries, red huckleberries, blackberries, thimble-berries, partridge-berries, a specimen of the mimulus, a solitary thistle with a fibre as strong as Manila hemp, and a water-dock, which opens first with a flower like the tulip, out of which afterward spring the leaves. We also observed the beautiful *Adiantum pedatum* or Canadian maidenhair, which seen *en masse* resembles the plumage of a bird, and in En-

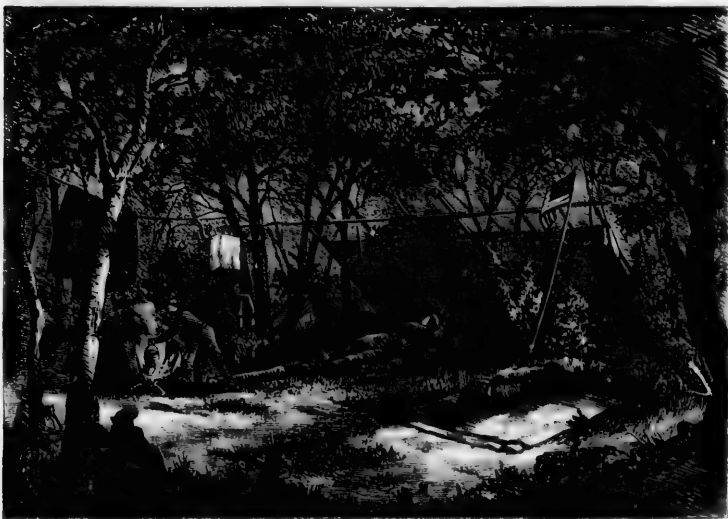
gland can only be cultivated in conservatories. But the most lovely plant we had yet seen was a kind of fungus which exactly resembled modeling in wax—both stem and flower being perfectly white. It was about four feet in height, the stem being somewhat thick in proportion to the flower; but unfortunately it turned perfectly black when put in the collecting-case. About five o'clock we came to a brawling stream tumbling into the river which comes down from the Lincoln glacier. We named it "Roaring River." The spot where we took up our quarters was in a grove of alders, and was named "Camp Doubtful," for here the Indian guides were at fault. Fearing that we might get too much to the east of the mountain, we dispatched Squock and Talum next morning to reconnoitre. I occupied myself meanwhile in making a sketch of the camp; Stratton, Tennent, and Ogilvy went off prospecting and geologizing, and the remaining Indians crossed the fork. The Indians soon came back in great wrath, occasioned by the discovery of a piece of wood cut by an axe. This trace of man in such a desolate and uninhabitable country deeply interested me, but had a violent effect



PUTTING THROUGH.

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CAMP DOUBTFUL.

on my savage companions. They explained that the Thompson River Indians had evidently been poaching on their hunting-ground. They were all the more exasperated as the same had been done two years ago, when one was killed by the hunter who had joined us at the forks. No lord in England guards his preserve more jealously; no Highland laird could be more irate against deer-stalking than was this same Indian. Looking at the peculiarly silent and harmless-looking hunter, we could never have attributed to him such a violent deed. By-and-by, Ogilvy, Tennent, and Stratton came in and stated that the region was a perfect chaos of rocks, thrown up in all conceivable shapes and sizes, consisting principally of lava, cement, and sandstone—no granite nor quartz, and no stratified rocks—nothing but loose gravel and dirt mixed with huge boulders, and every thing seeming to be on the move when the heavy freshets come down from the mountains. Stratton said that the river resembled a mining stream rushing madly along, and as muddy as the Yuba River in California during the excitement; but, though they tried several pans, did not get even a color—they did not expect it. They would as soon prospect in a haystack for gold; for, so far as the indications went, the "bed rock" must be hundreds of feet below the surface. There were very few berries, and not a bird to be seen. In fact, the country was never made for any thing but a lot of men from Maine with Collins's best axes—two boxes to each man.

The day passed by, and we were anxiously concerned in regard to Squock and Talum; but

they returned late in the evening, and reported that they had reached a spot above the snow line by a path that was comparatively easy to find. They brought in a couple of marmots, which they demolished at supper. Wearied with fatigue my companions sought their blankets, and "left the world to darkness and to me." Wakeful and anxious, my thoughts reverted to the events of our journey through this far-off, silent wilderness, and anticipated the dangers of the desired victory over the defiant peak. The expectation of five years' solitude and exile was about to be realized, or else delayed until another season had wearily come round. The struggle maintained in the land of the stranger approached its *dénouement*. Was I to stand a conqueror upon the mountain summit, or return with the memory of defeat to behold it from the shore of my island home? Sleep at last came to my weary eyelids, but the stream of thought ran on. In a dream of the night I was wafted away to snowy ridges where falling avalanches made perpetual thunder. In the midst of fancied dangers I suddenly awoke, and the experience of that hour will never be forgotten. My companions were sunk in sleep around me, the camp-fire had died out, the night was cold and chilly. The noise of the river, deafening during the day, was like thunder in the stillness of the night. The thought that it had thus fought its course, night and day, throughout the rolling centuries, filled me with awe. It seemed like some remorseless being madly bent on destruction, and was to me an emblem of unrelenting power and inexorable will.

As foemen eager for the fight we started





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early on the 13th, and if our path was steep and full of toil we were cheered by noting our progress through the different zones of vegetation corresponding to the varied seasons. Passing from summer, a few hours brought us to the region of eternal snow. The camp behind us was 1916 feet above the sea level, as determined by the aneroid. From that to 3900 feet was the temperate region, where berries were found and the salal plant. At this elevation ground vegetation ceased, although the hemlock, the spruce, and the fir remained. Indeed, we here passed through a magnificent forest of firs, extending as far as the eye could reach. They ran up a hundred feet without a limb, and on the northern sides were covered with moss. The indications showed us that the snow in winter reached eight feet above their base. We began to experience cold whenever we rested. The day was foggy, and the gloom, added to the labor of "packing," made it very depressing. As we continued up, the trees diminished to half their size, and the ridge became narrower and narrower. In making our toilsome way up the steep these words of Carlyle came vividly to mind: "Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only."

The ridge became at last only five yards broad. Here there is a vast basin about a mile and a half in diameter. It descends precipitously in a succession of benches to a depth of perhaps 2000 feet. The sides of the basin were lined with limestone and slate, with outcroppings of a cement rock—a mixture of sandstone and limestone, the latter predominating. These were strewn with pebbles, showing that the country had been submerged to this point in some former age. On the sloping sides of the basin were patches of snow, the first we had observed. This spot, which may be taken as the snow line, was 5175 feet above the sea level. We had intended to make our encampment at the summit of this ridge, close to the ice-fields, opposite the Lincoln Peak; but the fog increasing, and all being fatigued, we halted and sent the Indians forward to look for water, having been in a state of extreme thirst for several hours. In half an hour they reported the discovery of water. We followed up, and found an admirable camping spot, where there was an open space covered with grass and clumps of small balsam firs. In one of these clumps, where we found traces of the elk and the bear, there was a snug nook, sheltered all round, save an opening to the north. Across this we placed a large ground-sheet that I had fortunately brought along, and lighted our fire within. This corner, which was only just large enough

to accommodate the party, looked very pleasant, and received the name of Camp Hope. But, alas! the water of which the Indians had boasted proved to be a muddy mixture from a marshy spot in the vicinity. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink it. After waiting a while the fog partially cleared, and we dispatched the Indians down into the basin beneath us with every available pot and pan; and at a depth of 500 feet they found a stream formed by the melting patches of snow. During this delay we were cheered by observing that the clearing of the fog had revealed two magnificent rocky peaks or "aiguilles," as they are termed in Switzerland, to which we gave the names of "Lincoln" and "Colfax." While walking around we saw large patches of Scotch heather and blue-bell still in bloom, and plenty of lupines. The Indians having brought in the supplies of water, we had our tea made, and turned into our blankets, being, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven. In the night the noise of the falling avalanches frightened the Indians, and ever and anon they crossed themselves.

Next day, 15th August, the fog was still dense; so, acting on the proverb that we might go farther and fare worse than at Camp Hope, we remained there. Ogilvy, Tennent, and three Indians went out shooting, while Stratton and myself kept camp, doing sundry repairs, posting our diaries, etc. About five o'clock they returned, with four marmots, as they are termed in Switzerland, but known in these parts by the name of ground-hog or wood-chuck. While sketching I often heard their squeak, and saw them lurking around. They are grayish in color, about 1½ feet long, and have two long incisors in front of each jaw. The largest secured on this occasion weighed twenty pounds. They had also shot a species of rabbit. At the sight of the marmots Stratton undertook to be "chef de cuisine," and was busily engaged for an hour. I, who had been in ignorance of these operations, was invited to partake of some "dog." I had heard of the Sandwich Islanders being kunophagists, but never imagined that I should make my dinner upon "dog." The "dawg," as Stratton called it, was pronounced to be excellent. He had managed to get up a stew, which was christened "Oodar de pocar." It was made all the more palatable by half a bottle of sauce, which with marvelous foresight he had pounced upon in Mrs. Eldridge's larder at Whatcom, and produced in triumph upon this occasion. It was consumed with a relish which none but hungry mountaineers can experience.

On the morning of the 16th we found the fog had cleared away. The summit was now seen for the first time, lying to the north of the two peaks already mentioned. I called my companions, and directed their attention to the path I proposed to take. From this point it looked fearfully precipitous, and they doubtfully shook their head. They followed up, however, and



THE LINCOLN AND GOLFAX PEAKS.

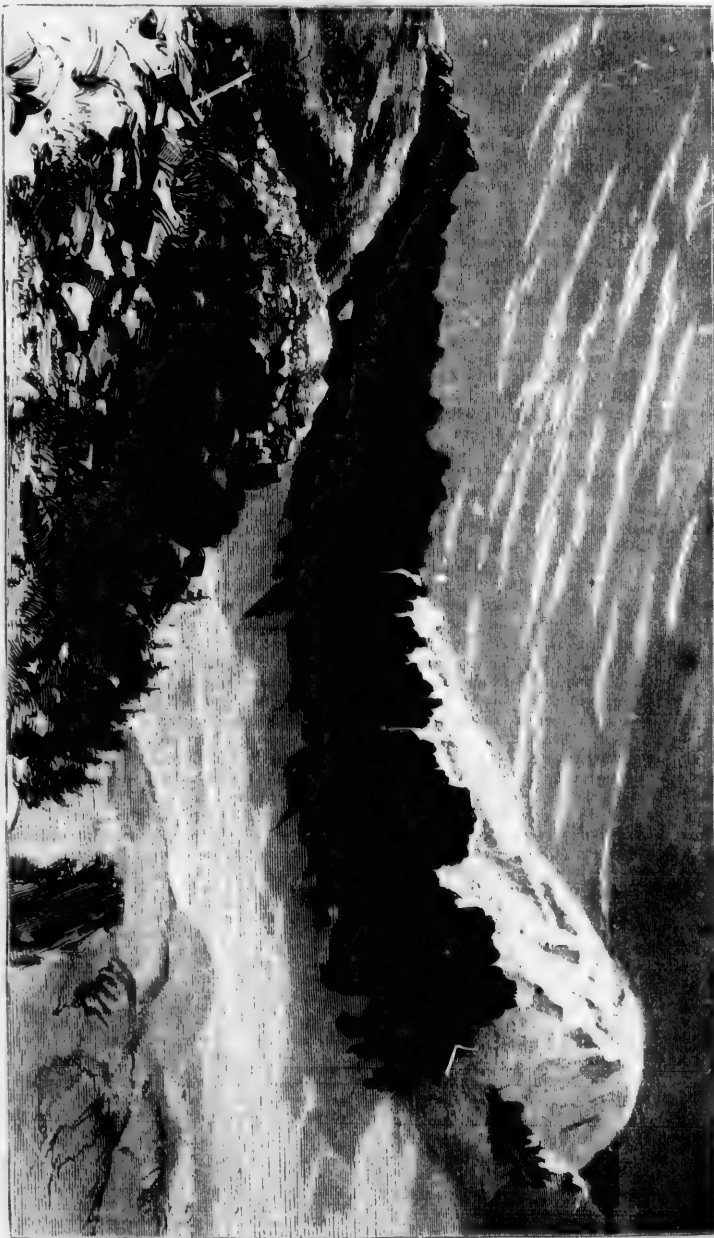
shortly afterward there was presented a magnificent view of the Red Ridge with its glaciers cradled in its arms, which greatly resembles in outline the "Aiguilles Rouges," as seen on the north side of the Valley of Chamounix. It is separated from Mount Baker by a pine-covered ridge extending at a lower altitude, and distant perhaps ten miles. In its hollows are three small glaciers of the class termed by Professor James Forbes "secondary" or "rudimentary." As we neared the ice-fields the ridge which we were keeping became broader, the trees became dwarfed into shrubs, and in the "open" there were gentle slopes covered with grass, and occasional patches of snow in the hollows. These grass-covered slopes were strewn with flowers. We found the lychnis of a beautiful red color. Although in California it grows to the size of a soldier's cockade, here it was very small. There were also the lupin (so plentiful in Vancouver Island), daisies, and other flowers. They were all good illustrations of Darwin's theory of natural selection, having short thick stems to enable them to withstand

the storms of their exposed situation, and at first sight appeared different species. It was Sunday morning, and the stillness of the scenery made us vividly realize its holy associations. After our long sojourn in the dense forest, the sunniness of the "open" contrasted with recent gloom, the tender beauty of the wild flowers blooming around, the grandeur of the rocky peaks shooting up into the deep blue vault, solemnly impressed us. We were in a temple not made with hands. There was no need of Sabbath bell to sound the call to worship. The sublimity of the scene lifted us above all worldly considerations, all thoughts of self, and evoked involuntary exclamations of praise.

In rather less than two hours we reached our last encampment near the "névé."\* The ridge was still covered with scattered balsam firs of stunted growth. These extended half a mile further, and then suddenly terminated in a

\* The "névé" is the term given by geologists to those vast reservoirs of consolidated snow and ice found above the snow line surrounding the high peaks, and which supply the glaciers.

EXTINCT CRATER, SHOWING MOUNT GILBERT, THE MAIN PEAK.



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point. We encamped on a spot 7054 feet high, where the trees formed a semicircle round a small volcanic rock. The ground was covered with grass and heather, and sheltered by the trees from the cold winds of the glaciers. To the southeast is a vast snow-field, stretching perhaps 2000 feet beneath, and terminating in a glacier. Below this glacier, and only separated from it by "moiraines," is a lovely valley with open land covered with grass and sheltered by pines. It wanted only a "chalet" or two, a flock of goats descending the hill-side, with the sound of tinkling bells, to make me believe that I was in Switzerland. Many valleys have I seen, but this was the best illustration of "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror." Away, thousands of feet above the snow-field, rose on every side black, jagged, splintered precipices. Of these the Lincoln Peak is from this point of view the most prominent. A little further east is the Colfax Peak, and beyond that, due east, is the summit itself. The ridge on which we were encamped is two miles in length; it sweeps first round to the north, then to the east, intersecting another ridge running down from the Colfax Peak. These ridges are evidently the walls of an extinct crater, whose vast hollow is some two miles in length by about the same in width. At the point of intersection of the above-mentioned ridges, but beyond it (a vast field of *névé* filling the intervening space), rises the great peak, entirely snow-covered. The day was fine, and so thoroughly were we sheltered that the thermometer stood at 80° Fahrenheit in the shade. It was only 9 A.M. when we arrived, and Ogilvy, who was a mighty hunter, started to try his luck, and found a ptarmigan and a species of white grouse or snowy partridge. Tennent and Stratton went to try some creepers (*crampions*) which had been made for the occasion, being doubtful that they would answer; they also reconnoitred the proposed route. They returned in high spirits from their preliminary essay, declaring that with the creepers they could walk up the slopes of snow as firmly as on a hill-side.

Next morning we started at five, and about half past six came to the end of the ridge (about two miles). Here we put on our creepers and spiked boots, made several packs, and took provisions for twenty-four hours. In fact, we prepared to pass the night out if need be. The Indians bade us farewell, and were observed to cross themselves and to utter prayers for our safety. No sooner had we launched forth than a division of opinion took place. Acting on the old rule of the Alps, always to follow the "arête" when practicable, I was for following a ridge which leads to the Colfax Peak. Mr. Stratton, with genuine Yankee "goaheadness," and a happy ignorance of the dangers of concealed crevasses or chasms and the frailties of snow-bridges, started on a track of his which he had marked out the previous day. Not having spectacles, he adopted the custom

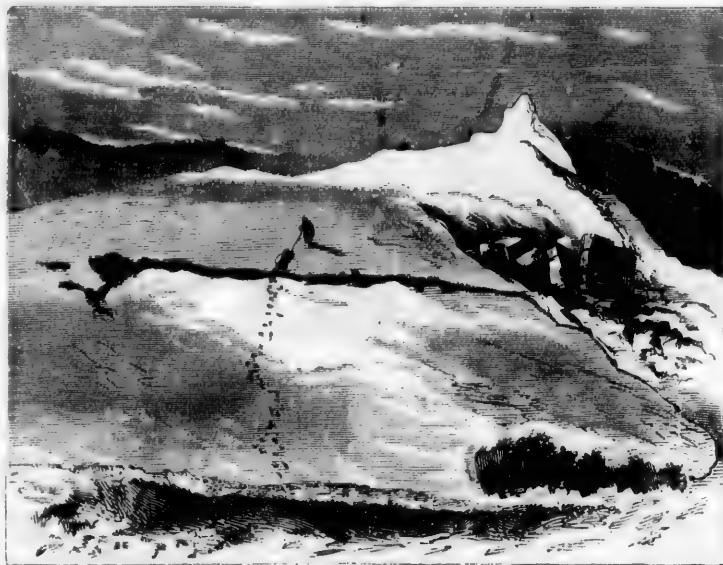
of the Cascade range Indians when traveling on the snow, and blackened his face—particularly around the eyes—with a piece of burned stick. He thus appeared very much like an Ethiopian serenade. Although alarmed for his safety I could not refrain from the mirth his appearance occasioned. I was also obliged to compromise with the others and descend on the snow. We then roped ourselves together, and left the ridge, keeping 25 feet apart. We went up an elevated valley—possibly an extinct crater—filled with *névé*, terminating in two glaciers. The first of these, which is dirty, and scarcely recognizable as a glacier, was named "Discovery." On the opposite side of the valley is a ridge which leads directly to the summit. It looked so practicable that on the occasion of the previous journey I at one time entertained the idea of trying it, but after surveying the vast extent of treacherous *névé*, intersected with numerous crevasses, which we should have to traverse, thought, in the weak state of my forces, it would not be advisable to trust it; and it was fortunate we did so, for on reaching the summit we observed that the ridge was covered on the other side with overhanging "seracs;"\* and on leaving the mountain, as our route lay on that side, we could, with the aid of a glass, see that it looked very formidable. The ridge which joins the Colfax to the summit crosses the head of this elevated valley. We made for this. The route lay through more than five miles of *névé*. This was intersected by twenty-seven "great crevasses." These were so close that sometimes they were not more than five yards apart. No sooner had we crossed one than we could see another. Their depths displayed those beautiful colors with which Swiss travelers are so familiar. The lovely mazarine blue prevailed. We crossed them by the bridges formed by avalanches which had fallen in the spring and early summer. We did not dare to trust these entirely, but, as a precautionary measure, kept firmly attached to each other by the rope. On the occasion of my first attempt we came to a crevasse on a steep slope where the other side was two feet

\* *Seracs*.—"The name of 'Serac' is given in our mountains to a kind of white and compact cheese, which is separated from the whey and compressed into boxes, where it takes the form of cubes, or frequently of rectangular parallelepipeds. The snows at a great height frequently take this form when they freeze after having become partly saturated with water. They then become extremely compact: in this state, if a thick stratum of this hardened snow finds itself upon a slope, and that it comes, as it always happens, to glide in a mass upon this slope, and that, in gliding thus, some portions of the mass miscarry, their weight forces them to break into fragments nearly rectangular, some of which are 50 feet on every side, and which, by reason of their homogeneity, are as regular as if they had been cut with a chisel. One sees distinctly on the face of these great parallelepipeds the layers of snow accumulated from year to year, and passing gradually from the state of snow to that of ice, by the successive infiltration and congelation of the water of the rains and of that which results from the melting of the upper layers."—*De Saussure, Voyage dans les Alpes*, vol. iv. ch. 2.

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CREVASSES IN THE NÉVÉ.

higher than that on which we stood. The difficulty was formidable, but I made a leap, ice-axe in hand, with the pick pointed downward, so that I might easily anchor in the snow. As I made the spring Mr. Bennett pushed me with his pole, and I managed to alight and catch on to the slope. Fixing myself firmly in the snow with the aid of my pole, Mr. Bennett made a leap, and at the same time I gave him a good tug with the rope, and he managed it also in safety.

To avoid the avalanches descending from the Colfax Peak on the one hand, and from the "Grant" or main peak on the other, we kept on through the middle of this vast tract of névé. We were in considerable anxiety concerning Stratton. Divested of rope and without a pack, he had made rapid progress. At one time we saw him crossing a spot exposed to avalanches of ice, and shortly afterward were greatly alarmed to see him take a jump, and then suddenly disappear, being lost to view by projecting masses of seracs. It appears that he had fortunately fallen in with the tracks of a grizzly bear, and wisely concluding that what would bear its weight would sustain his also, he had followed it without hesitation across snow-bridges over the chasms. On the previous journey, about the same height, Mr. Bennett and myself observed the traces of a young elk followed by a wolf, and also the marks of blood where a scuffle had taken place. Our anxiety was at last relieved by finding Stratton's foot-marks at the very spot where we expected to

cross his track. Above this, the slopes of snow became very steep as we approached the shoulder of the main peak. I had for some time been very fatigued, my sedentary life and want of training told upon me, twelve years' absence from the Alps had not improved my pedestrian powers, so that I could not travel as fast as my younger and more active companions, who, equally strong and vigorous as Stratton, naturally felt mortified at seeing him get ahead. I thought of those beautiful remarks of the great modern seer—"Not a May-day's game is this man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers; no idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral muses and the rosy hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Soon after we had reached the shoulder leading to the great peak we came to a narrow ridge, about four feet in height, composed of reddish scoriae. From this point we saw a glacier flowing down through a deep and narrow gorge on the southern side of the Colfax Peak, having its origin in the snows of that peak. This I propose to name M'Kenny's Glacier, after General M'Kenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory. We were also able to see the head of another glacier extending in an easterly direction, and fed by the snows of the Grant or main peak. This was named the Frontin Glacier, in honor of a lady who, on the occasion of the previous





RESTING-PLACE.

Journey, made me a beautiful flag of the Stars | attained. It was here, on that occasion, that and Stripes, to be placed on the highest spot | Mr. Bennett and myself passed a miserable



Glacier.

Grant Peak.

Colfax Peak.

Lincoln Peak.

GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNT BAKER, FROM THE BASE.

night without blankets, and with only a small keg of cold tea to quench our raging thirst. Having scooped out a hole in the snow and placed therein some debris of rock for a mattress, he chose that for his resting-place, while I perched myself on a narrow abutment of rock. Sleep was out of the question, for as soon as we dozed, the cold compelled us to arise and experiment on the theory of Tyndall—"Heat as a mode of motion." Having now reached this spot, about 9265 feet above the sea level, we found it necessary to refresh. Ogilvy pounded some ice, and, with the aid of brandy, made a cocktail; it was very acceptable, and was christened the Mount Baker Cocktail. Its fame reached Victoria, where it was reproduced at one of the bars; and, aided by the exhibition of a veritable piece of rock from the summit, attracted thirsty crowds. I had brought an alcoholic apparatus, which was filled with snow, and some tea prepared; fortified by this refreshment and an hour's rest, we made for the top of the saddle by the northern side of these rocks. Like gladiators of old, we prepared ourselves for the combat by divesting ourselves of every superfluous article of clothing. The slope was steep, and there were crevasses immediately below. A single false step would probably have been fatal.

The last three or four hundred feet of the route lies over a deposit resembling mud; it was quite dry in parts and cracked from the action of the sun. At length we reached the top of the saddle and stood on the base of the principal peak. Here we found Stratton, who

informed us that, when dozing, a large eagle had swooped down upon him with murderous intention; he had succeeded in beating it off before it did him any injury. If we had indulged any doubt of this being a volcanic mountain, it would have been dispelled by the smell of sulphurous exhalation which greeted us. So nauseous was it that Stratton had vomited while waiting for us.

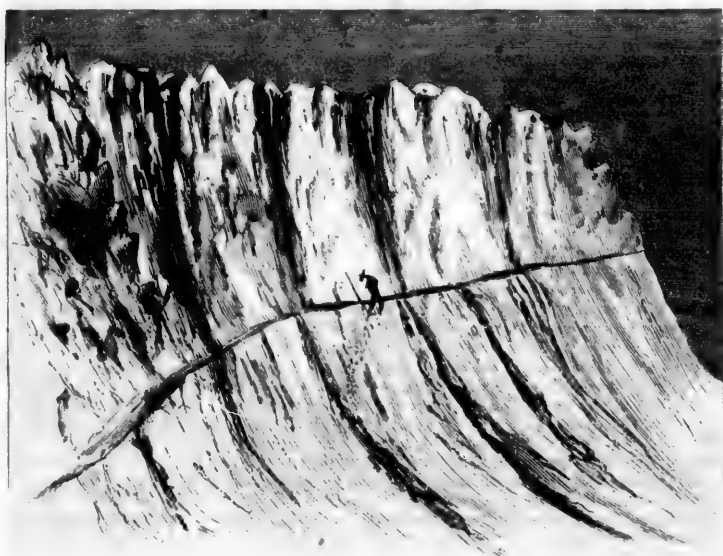
At this point the base proper of the peak may be said to commence. On our right, across a hollow filled with "névé," is the lip of the crater, indicated by a huge triangular-shaped rock; and on our left are tremendous precipices extending down to the track of "névé" we had traversed in the morning. Around the summit of the peak is a perpendicular wall of ice about thirty or forty feet in height, terminated on the left or northern end by a knuckle of rock, which can be plainly seen from the Sound. The only passage we could discern through this barrier is on the left, between the knuckle of rock before-mentioned and the wall of ice. The face of the peak is scored with deep furrows, made by the avalanches of ice which have fallen from the summit. The peak rises about 1000 feet higher. It commences with a gentle slope, and gradually becomes steeper, until near the summit it is about 60°.

Roping ourselves together, we now attempted this, and soon found it necessary to use the axe. Some fresh snow had fallen, but had not had time to become consolidated with the ice beneath, and could not be trusted. We had thus to cut steps. The axe was passed on to Strat-

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passed a miserable



Lincoln Peak.



THE CORNICE.



THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

ton, who plied it with vigor and skill. While thus engaged he got a great fright. Having heard a dull, grating sound, he looked up, and saw a mass of frozen snow, about twelve feet square, moving down toward him. Paralyzed with terror, he was about to warn us, when it fortunately stopped. Even at this height there were crevasses. Into one of these Tennent sank, but he managed to extricate himself. The work of cutting the steps is very severe, and our progress was necessarily slow, for some 350 required to be cut. When nearing the summit we saw the spot where Mr. Bennett and myself were stopped on the previous attempt—on the right at the foot of the perpendicular wall. It will be perceived in the sketch on page 810. Here we turned a little to the left, in order to make for the passage before spoken of; and in cutting a step Stratton disclosed a little stream of water. The day was very warm, and our labor made us thirsty; so the cup was joyously passed, and we all had a refreshing drink. As precipices extended downward from our feet, a single false step would have been fatal. In

safety, however, we passed the most dangerous point, and reached the passage, which, by a gentle ascent of 30 or 40 feet, brought us to the summit. It was now four o'clock. We had been two hours making this final climb. The plateau on which we stood was about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and embraced an extent of about eighty acres. The scene was grand in the nakedness of its desolation. The white surface of snow was unrelieved by a single rock. The forests had been on fire for weeks, and a dense pall of smoke veiled the surrounding scenery from our view. It lay like a reddish cloud beneath us. We felt cut off from the world we had left. Overhead the sun poured down his bright beams from a sky which formed a dome of purplish blue, unsullied by a cloud. We felt at heaven's gate, and in the immediate presence of the Almighty. My companions, to whom for the first time this wonderful scenery was unfolded, were deeply impressed. The remembrance of the dangers they had escaped, the spectacle of the overwhelming desolation around, effects of the terrible forces of

nature which had been at work, these combined evidences of Almighty power filled their hearts with deep emotion and awe. The spirit of the "Gloria in Excelsis" burned within us. With one accord we sang the familiar Doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

No profane thought could be cherished, no idle jest could be uttered, on this—one of the high altars of the earth. We felt that we were worshipping in a vast temple not made with hands, that our feet were standing on hallowed ground. The thought added solemnity to our feelings, as we reflected that

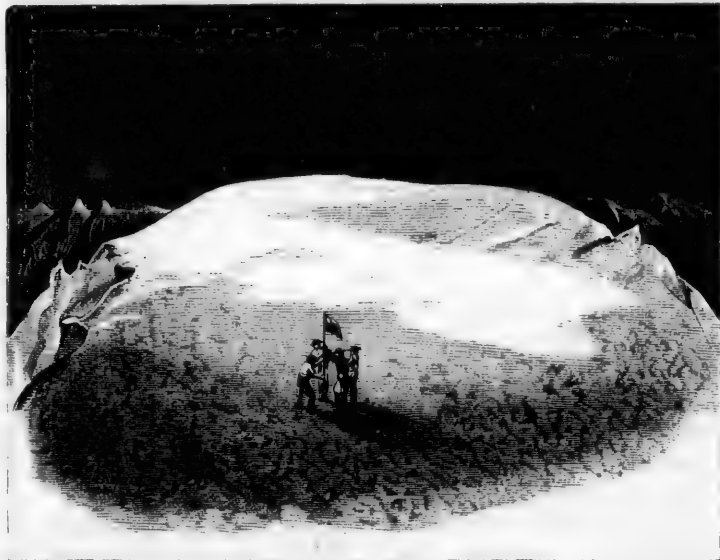
"We were the first that ever burst  
Into this silent sea."

We now advanced to the centre of the plateau, and all laying hold of the flag-staff bearing the Stars and Stripes we planted it firmly in the snow, and named the peak after General Grant. Immediately after we sang an appropriate patriotic song. We then shook hands, and, a flask of brandy being produced, the names of all those interested in the expedition were duly honored.

There was a peculiarity in the snow which covered this plateau that I have not observed in the Alps. In form it resembled small tongues of flame, all leaning in the same direction, and was evidently caused by the violent eddies of wind. It seemed as if there was some mysterious sympathy between the volcanic fires within and the snowy surface without.

The only object that broke the monotony of the scene was another and smaller peak, at the distance of about 500 yards. As it was possible that it might be a few feet higher, I proposed that we should also plant a flag there. We accordingly marched up to it, and placed a flag, naming it after General Sherman. We found, however, that they were both of the same height—10,618 feet. It may be mentioned that this height, determined by the aneroid, agrees substantially with the trigonometrical measurements made by Captain Lawson, of the United States surveying ship *Fauntleroy* (10,814 feet), as also with those set down in the English maps (namely, 10,694 feet). The thermometer stood at 40° above zero, Fahrenheit.

While making these observations with the barometer, and sketching the two peaks, my companions left to make a reconnaissance. They approached the southern side of the Sherman Peak, and observing a slight depression ventured down. Here they got a glimpse of the crater. As far as they could make out it was about 300 yards wide, and appeared to extend under the northeastern side of the Grant Peak. It is therefore not impossible that the greater part of this peak may disappear in the next eruption. Stratton described the spectacle as one that made him shudder—black walls of rock with streaks of sulphury yellow blending with green and red. No traces of fire were visible by daylight, but smoke was plainly observed. About 300 feet of the top of the crater on the Baker River side is torn out, and here vast masses of lava have rolled out—wave after



GRANT'S PEAK—THE SUMMIT.

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STUDIO IN THE MOUNTAINS.

wave overlapping each other as it cooled. Fire must still be slumbering beneath, as there is no snow on the lava.

My companions returned about five, and hurried me off before I had an opportunity of inspecting it personally. Indeed, as there was no time, unless we spent the night upon the summit, they concluded not to tell me of their good fortune.

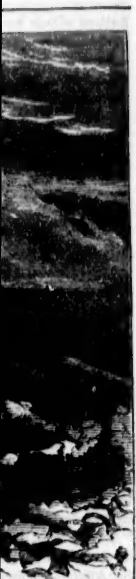
Before leaving, Stratton deposited a piece of copper with the names of the party at the flag on the Grant Peak. As a true knight-errant, he also left there the photograph of a lady who had interested herself in the expedition.

Harnessing ourselves together with the rope, we prepared to descend. Each step had to be well considered, but we passed the most dangerous spot in safety. The sun had considerably melted the snow, so that we were able in many places to let ourselves slide down. In a comparatively short time we arrived at the spot where we had left our "impedimenta." These we took up and continued our journey. The sun was already sinking, so that we had no time to lose. Urged by the fear of having to pass the night on the mountain, we plunged after Stratton down slopes, across snow-bridges, by walls of ice, as if pursued by a fiend. Vain were my remonstrances, fearful of an accident, but my companions hurried on in a manner that would have sent a Swiss guide into fits. Such a helter-skelter mad-brained party was never seen on either Mont Blanc or Mont Rosa. The sun set, twilight came on, when suddenly we could

no longer discern our tracks of the morning. In the labyrinth of crevasses and seracs around we could not make out the route. Calling a halt, a consultation was held. We resolved to retrace our steps, and the tracks were again discovered. In the feeble twilight the spot on the ridge we had left seemed ever to recede. Overcome by fatigue I would fain have made my couch on the snow. But my companions pressed me on, and about 9 o'clock we reached the ridge at the point where we had taken to the snow in the morning. Leaving there our packs for the Indians to pick up in the morning, we made for our last encampment. Stumbling over the angular rocks as well as we could in the dark, our progress was very slow. As we approached we shouted out, when the Indians made a great blaze. At length about 11 o'clock we got in. The Indians were overjoyed. What with the injunctions of Umptalum and their own superstitions the honest fellows had felt considerable anxiety on our account. Tea was soon made, and in flowing bowls we recounted our adventures to the Indians. We had no sooner turned in than the weather changed. The wind moaned and blew in fitful gusts, telling of the coming tempest. It was very cold, and, as we turned round in our blankets, we felt thankful that we were not on the mountain.

The next day was devoted to botanizing and sketching. It was very warm, and, with the aid of the Indians and a four-point blanket, I improvised a very convenient sketching tent. I





have not taken out a patent, and it is here presented to the world.

Ogilvy, Stratton, and Tennent were anxious to return to their several duties; our provisions were also running short, the hunter on whom we depended being either very lazy, or game very scarce. So, resolving on two meals a day, we started next morning at 4 A.M., in order to have three hours' work before breakfast. We also shortened our route by crossing on to another ridge, which would bring us to our first encampment after leaving the "cache." By breakfast-time we reached a beautiful grass-covered valley, encircled with firs, save on one side, where a gap discloses a small peak with one solitary patch of snow upon it, like an unwelcome intruder upon a festive party. This valley is crossed by two streams, the banks of which are covered with lovely pink and yellow flowers (a kind of *minulus*). As we sat at breakfast, drinking in the loveliness of the scene, we proposed to call it "The Happy Valley." But just then our old enemies, the mosquitoes, found us out, and made us beat a precipitate retreat. A deer crossed our track, and hurried off, not without a shot from Ogilvy's gun as a parting memento. We passed through several good-sized valleys having plentiful water and grass. All at once we came upon one of Squock's country shooting-boxes. It may be mentioned that when the Indians kill an elk they dispatch a messenger to summon their wives and relatives to assist in dressing and drying the meat, and to pack it down to their lodges. This is quite necessary, as there are often 600 pounds of meat on an elk. In cooking the meat they first dig a hole in the ground, then build a wood-fire, placing stones on the top of it. As it burns the stones become hot and fall down. Moss and leaves are then placed on the top of the hot stones, the meat is placed on these, and another layer of moss and leaves laid above it. Water is poured in, which is speedily converted into steam. This is retained by mats carefully placed over the heap. When left in this way for a night the meat is found tender and well cooked in the morning.

We had now emerged from the temperate into the summer zone. The hardest part of our work was now over. The consciousness of near approach to the blest abodes of man, contrasted with the stern and savage scenery we had left, filled us with a sense of joyous triumph. The grand scenery of the forests became glorified, the soft tempered light stole in through the overarching foliage, turning the mossy carpet to gold, and the sunbeams falling athwart the gigantic stems, row after row, made them appear like the columned aisles of a cathedral. We were in a grander (or than any earthly temple, whose dome was the blue vault of heaven, and whose chant of praise was the symphony of falling waters. After a sojourn among the more elevated snow-fields, the return to the fertility and plenty of the lower valleys is refreshing in the highest degree. The sudden change

from eternal winter to the beauty of spring, from spring to summer, from the abodes of overwhelming chaos to fairer scenes, from death, as it were, unto life, is inexpressibly soothing to the overwrought mind and body. No longer at war with the terrible forces of nature, softer emotions take possession of the breast, and the wearied traveler yields himself up to "the benignant touch of love and beauty." These emotions are realized in a higher degree by the traveler who has escaped for a little while from the weary round of life's harassing cares and daily duties. I had left Victoria jaded and depressed, sick of the monotonous round of my ordinary occupation, harassed by the multiplicity of petty details and preparatory arrangements connected with this expedition. The continued responsibility of it had strained me to the utmost, but now, when success had crowned my efforts, bodily fatigue vanished, and the mental weariness, that sense of oppression which is worse than any bodily fatigue, was removed, and I was lifted up with a feeling of renewed life. My mind was open to all the genial influences of the season and the hour. There came upon my spirit a feeling of renewed youth, a vision of perpetual spring, of long summer days of unclouded sunshine, of a golden autumn, of smiling faces and loving hearts; there came also thoughts of a purer life, of resolves strengthened, of doubts subdued, of faith quickened, of a spirit no longer repining and tortured with self-reproach, but confident with hope, and elevated by self-surrender to the will of the Great Disposer; my soul went forth in gratitude to the Almighty Father and Mother of the world, and rested in that inward peace which passeth all understanding, and I deeply realized the exquisite beauty of Carlyle's imagery of life being no longer "a dark wasteful chaos, but a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world."

The day after leaving our permanent encampment we traveled hard for twelve hours, and yet we had only reached half-way down to the cache at the base of the mountain. For supper we had nothing but sugar and bread and coffee, or, as a miner would call it, "bread straight." Elated with our success, we did not feel this privation. The fire having been busy in the forest while we were on the summit, the latter portion of next day's march was over the burning marl in an atmosphere filled with smoke. Though this and the heat of the summer zone were stifling, we yet made rapid progress, the brush having been thereby cleared away. We reached the cache at 2 o'clock, and found our several "iktas" in good order. The canoes were hauled out, the mats taken off the cache, and the provisions secured. And now commenced the most exciting portion of the whole journey; for we had to shoot the steep rapids with alarming rapidity. The torrent bore us on amidst concealed boulders, which could not be observed until we were close upon them, and any one of which would have shivered the canoe into atoms. Some of

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these rapids were so steep that, sitting in the second canoe, I could not see the other in advance, as it dashed down the brink of the maddened stream. Indeed, it was more like shooting a series of waterfalls than sailing on the surface of an upland stream. Even to Ogilvy, who had traveled on many rivers from the Stekin to the Gulf of Mexico, it was alarming. He fully expected that the canoes would be swamped, and their occupants plunged into the turbulent and ice-cold stream. He firmly grasped his gun, determined to secure that, at least, if he could not save any thing else. The skill and vigilance of the Indians saved us from destruction; Squock, in fact, seemed quite in his element. The excitement of the maddened torrent elated his daring spirit. When rushing through the concentrated rage of the boiling stream, in the narrowest passages, he would throw up his arms, and his yell of delight would be heard mingled with the roar of the waters. Thus, with the canoes quivering and bending, the waters splashing and dashing, the Indians screaming and shouting, we plunged on. And no sooner had we escaped these dangers than others awaited us. For between each rapid there is a comparatively level space of water, the river here being a series of steps and landing-places for a distance of about 15 or 20 miles. If these steps were our Scylla, the level places were our Charybdis. Across them were stretched fallen trees, under which there was scarcely room to pass. As we neared them we had to lie straight down in the canoes, and could hear them graze the gunwale as the canoes tore from under them. The two Indians, who stood with their poles at each end, would warn us by shouts to lie down, and suddenly follow suit. On one occasion Squock delayed a few seconds too long, and was in danger of having his legs knocked from under him; but, to our great surprise, he beautifully relieved himself. With all the agility of an accomplished equestrian he vaulted over the log, and landed in the canoe on the other side of it. It was a daring and successful feat, and strikingly manifested that presence of mind which saved himself and us in many difficult passages. At length we approached the forks, and came careering into the sequestered nook opposite Umptalum's palace.

The old chief came out to meet us, and finding that the Indians had not brought any elk meat, was angry with them. He, however, welcomed us cordially, and made signs to know whether we had been successful. Squock's wife made us a present of some potatoes and grilled salmon, and never epicure enjoyed more the sunny side of a peach than we did these potatoes, after an enforced abstinence from vegetable food. Hearing the evening bell for prayer, Stratton and myself went with them. They were apparently decent and devout, and I observed that they knelt in groups with their faces to the wall, and that one of them led the prayers, while the others made the responses.

The whole service, which was for the most part chanted, occupied about a quarter of an hour. In this Indian lodge we had the first opportunity of public worship after return from the dangers of the mountain, and we need not say that the surrounding circumstances made it particularly impressive. On the occasion of returning from my first journey I was deeply impressed with a similar scene of worship. I had formerly stopped for the night at a large fishing encampment on San Juan. Seated in the midst of them, I received tea from one of the women, in a gentle and graceful manner that would not have disgraced a city drawing-room. Before retiring to rest they all knelt down, with their faces to the walls, and engaged in prayer. The dying embers of the fire reflected a lurid glow around the lodge, and cast gaunt and distorted shapes of the kneeling worshipers on the opposite walls. This gave a weird aspect to the scene. Their profound attention to the service, their immobility, the measured chanting, the sudden and regular pauses for the responses, the gentler voices of the women mingling with the sterner tones of the men, the concomitants of wild scenery and savage men, the consciousness that I was the only white man among them and completely at their mercy—all combined to render the scene impressive in the highest degree, "and civilized civilization's son."

Next morning we took an affectionate farewell with the old chief, and joyous sped our way. If the journey up had been slow and tedious, we received compensation in the return. The current bore the canoes swiftly along, and brought a fresh picture to view at every bend of the river. Indeed, we had all the excitement of traveling by express, while sitting in dreamy and indolent repose, each occupied with thoughts of home and friends. Stiffened with fatigue, we unwillingly aroused ourselves occasionally to make a portage. While the Indians stopped at one of the encampments for a "wah-wah" with their friends, Stratton bought a young beaver. It was very beautiful, and became a great pet. In the afternoon we set down Mr. Tennent, and reached Bellingham Bay at sunset. We tried to make Mr. Eldridge's the same evening, but it blew so hard that we had to stop half-way, where Mr. Allen hospitably entertained us. Next morning we got to Mr. Eldridge's in time for breakfast, where we were received in triumph by his family. A large party of ladies who were enjoying Mr. Eldridge's hospitality took possession of Stratton as a genuine hero, while Ogilvy and myself went on to Mr. Meyer's at Seahome. There I opened communication with the great world beyond through the telegraph, and the account of our expedition appeared shortly afterward in the *New York Herald* and other papers.

After a few days spent at Seahome making sketches and arranging notes—Ogilvy having gone on to Victoria—I went on board the little

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steamer *Emily Woodruffe*. In the afternoon the steamer reached Couperville on Whidbey Island. I accepted an invitation from Major Haller, who was formerly on the staff of General McClellan, in the Army of the Potomac, and thus I had the opportunity of a peep into a Yankee home. Whidbey Island, which takes its name from Lieutenant Whidbey, Vancouver's sailing-master, is in many respects interesting. It is about fifty miles long, and of very unequal width—about ten miles across in the broadest part, according to Vancouver. It contains fine prairie lands and beautiful farms. Indeed, it has been called the garden of Washington Territory. Already there are the indications of a high state of cultivation, and there is a considerable quantity of stock ranging over the hills. The winters not being severe, these require little or no stall-feeding. The population has already reached some six hundred. Among these the temperance cause is firmly established. On the celebration of the Fourth of July two years ago Uncle Sam's health was drunk in no stronger beverage than tea and coffee. On a coast where, in common with all new countries, so much drinking prevails, it is a pleasing spectacle to see a community thus placing itself in the van of civilization, and setting an example to others. The young ladies of this island have the reputation of being accomplished and fearless horsewomen, and there are some who can even handle the rifle. Diana of old had no better fields for hunting, and no fairer for us for followers.

Making my way to the ferry on the other side of the island, we went on board a small boat and reached Port Townsend within two hours. This town is the port of entry for Puget Sound. It is built on a spit at the entrance of this noble sheet of water, and the heights behind are dotted with villas which command magnificent views of Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, and a large portion of the Cascade range. On the last Fourth of July I had here spent one of the most pleasant days of my existence. On that occasion Admiral Thatcher, who had arrived in the *Pensacola* at Esquimalt, determined to cross over and assist his countrymen to celebrate the day. Being one of a party of excursionists from Victoria who went over to witness the festivities, we had "a good time." A procession was formed of the officers, seamen, masonic lodge, citizens, and the excursionists, the latter headed by Allen Francis, Esq., United States Consul at Victoria. We marched through the town up to the hill, where a collation was spread for 400 under the shade of spreading pines on a beautiful lawn. S. S. Garfield, Esq., was the orator of the day, and gave one of the best speeches it was ever my privilege to listen to. The American Government apparently recognize this as an important point, and propose to erect three fortresses in the neighborhood which will command the entrance to Puget Sound, destined soon to be covered with the fleets of the com-

mercial world. I now became the guest of Captain Scammon, in command of the revenue cutter *Joseph Lane*. I also enjoyed the graceful hospitalities of Mr. Barnard, the Deputy Collector, and I must here correct a common error in regard to the rudeness of Western civilization. In his house I found a circle which, though small, was refined and intelligent as any to be met with in the greater centres of the world's society. I had also the opportunity of receiving similar kindness from Dr. Calhoun, a graduate of Glasgow Medical School, and at present in charge of the Marine Hospital, who had assembled an agreeable company to testify their appreciation of my labors. Indeed, I have ventured the previous statement in regard to the society of Washington Territory upon the experience of all whom I met on this and previous journeys. The names of Mr. Cranny of Utsalady, Mr. Kennedy, Colonel Hobbs, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seabey, Captain Lawson of the United States Survey, Mr. J. G. Swan, and others can not be forgotten by one who was a stranger among them. Captain Scammon, having to repair to Victoria, was authorized by Mr. Wilson, the Collector, to convey me thither. On the way we touched at Protection Island, so highly eulogized by Vancouver for the beauty of its scenery. Here he landed on the 1st May, 1792, and thus speaks of it: "On landing on the west end of the supposed island, and ascending its eminence, which was a nearly perpendicular cliff, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. From the height we were now upon, our conjectures of this land being an island situated before an entrance on the main land were confirmed. The summit of this island presented nearly a horizontal surface, interspersed with some inequalities of ground, which produced a beautiful variety on an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass, and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the northwestward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts, that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the northwest winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees, that would have puzzled the most ingenious designer of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature, in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness."

It still presents the same features, though barren and sandy in some parts, owing to the introduction of sheep. It is now occupied by Captain Morgan and Mr. Harnard. Like the Highland chiefs of old, they are monarchs here of all they survey. Having paid my respects to the chief and his lady, we took advantage of a fair wind and in due season arrived at Victoria.